

ECLIPSE
COMICS

No. 5 \$1.75



\$2.25 Can.

WALL PRESCRIPTION



**AXEL BECOMES...
SLAVE OF THE NARCO-POLLEN!**

the PENUMBRA

ECLIPSE COMICS • P. O. BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

ON THE RACKS



NIGHTMARES no. 1
Dark fantasy by Doug Moench and Don McGregor, all with art by Paul Gulacy. "Blood on Black Satin" and "The Trespasser" begin in this issue.

AZTEC ACE no. 13
Ace becomes a Golden Age superhero called The Crimson Comet, while Bridget becomes a ghost in order to solve her own murder, in "Fading Spirits."



ZOT! no. 9
Butch takes center stage in "Gorilla Warfare" and leads the fight against religious fanaticism. Plus, a new feature: full-page character pin-ups!

SUN-RUNNERS no. 5
Delphi lies critically injured on the brink of death, as Mark and Scooter desperately search the cosmos for the only one who can possibly save her!



CROSSFIRE no. 11
The most offbeat tale yet! If you've ever wondered why TV versions of comics are so... different, then you can't afford to miss "Screenplay."

NIGHTMARES no. 2
The conclusion of the Micro-Series featuring all Paul Gulacy art. The finish of "The Trespasser" (by McGregor), and "Blood on Black Satin" (by Moench).



DNAGENTS no. 22
Amber goes to Hawaii to find her genetic mother, while a corporate hitman isn't far behind. In the balance is the secret of the genetic code.

FIT TO PRINT

Today I read something in The Comics Buyer's Guide No. 597 that shocked me. Two different people had written in to CBG to complain that the letters of comment they had sent to Marvel Comics had been printed with their criticisms deleted and new words added that expressed opinions contrary to what they had actually written.

Rick Brown of High Point, North Carolina said that his letter to Micro-nauts was tampered with so much that it concluded with an opinion he "never wrote and... never believed."

Adrian E. Mazar of Bushnell, Illinois called Marvel's re-write of his critical letter to Spider-Man "a bastardized contrivance full of praise" for an artist he had actually called an imitator of styles copied from his forerunner on the series.

Mazar's letter to CBG concluded with a question about the re-writing of letters. "Is this practice widespread throughout the industry?"

The reply to his query, by the CBG editorial staff, was interesting because in it Don Thompson recalled that a letter he had written to EC Comics in the 1950s had been switched from one book to another, and the praise it contained was transferred to another story, one he did NOT like. And, Don noted, he was still angry about this misuse of his feedback, over thirty years later!

I don't blame Don Thompson for still being mad. I would be too, if it had happened to me. And I don't think Rick Brown or Adrian Mazar should be any less ticked off. We are only known to others by our actions and the words we speak. If someone tampers with our words, they are committing an outrage against our persons.

Now I don't know about the current policies regarding the re-writing of letters of comment at the other comics companies. (I do know that when I used to write regularly to Marvel and DC in the late 1970s my letters were either run intact or simply shortened to save space. But that was several editors ago, and it seems the policy may have changed, at least on certain titles.)

However, I do know that I would not waste my time sending letters to

any outfit that rewrites critical analyses into unqualified praise. I mean, if they want to talk to themselves about how great they are, let THEM spend the money on the postage.

All of which brings us to the here and now. First off, we at Eclipse do not re-write letters of comment, and we never will. We DO fix up spelling mistakes, and we sometimes have to shorten letters for space considerations, but we have NEVER added new sentences to a letter or replaced criticism with praise.

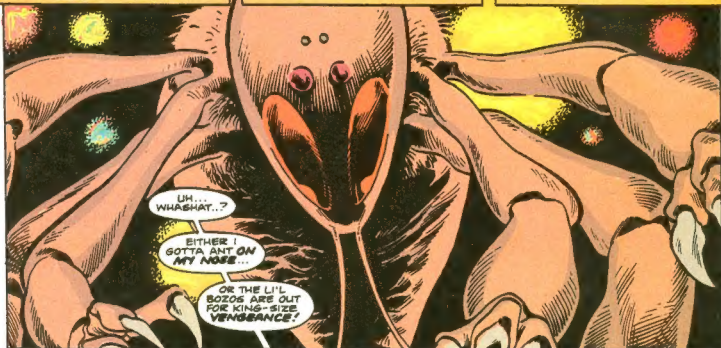
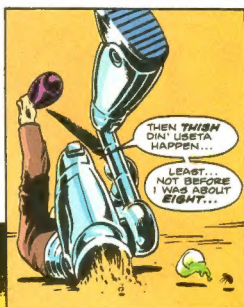
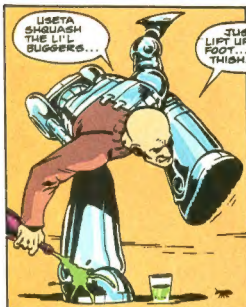
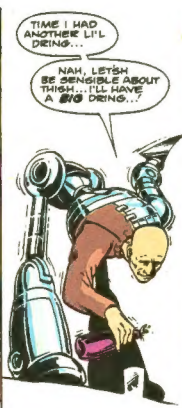
As some of you know, both Dean and I were prolific letterhacks in the days before we became professionals. I still enjoy the lettercols a whole lot. In fact, reading the fan mail is one of the high points of my busy day. And believe me, I read every single letter. I sometimes even add my own marginal comments before they are forwarded to the creators... stuff like "My theory exactly!" or "Oh well, ya can't win 'em all..."

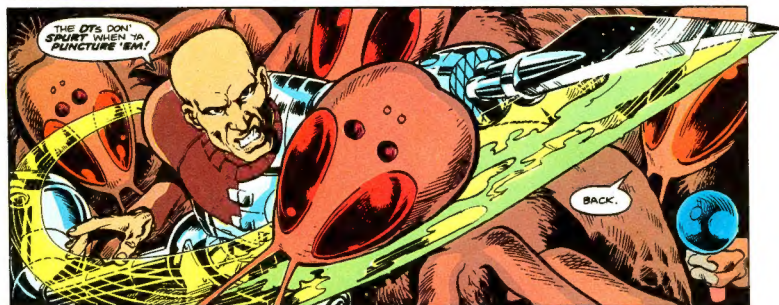
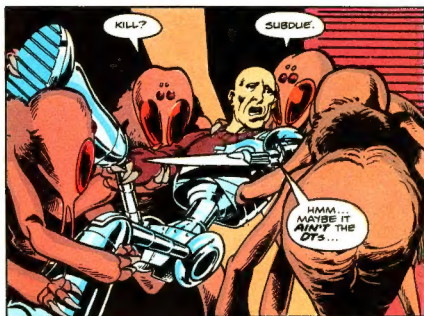
So go ahead, write Eclipse a letter and make my day! Even though I can't promise we'll run it, you never know — someday you might find YOUR name in print. And then you'll be glad to know that the words ABOVE your name will be all your own. That's a promise.

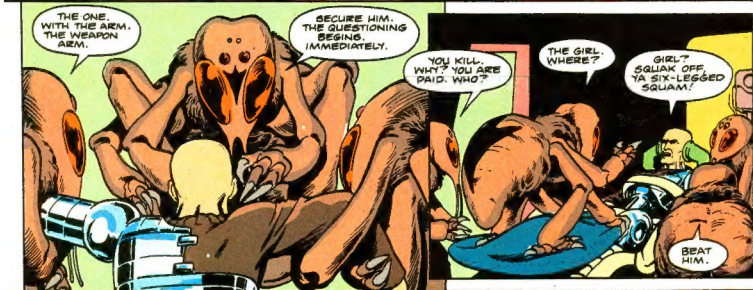
catherine yronwode

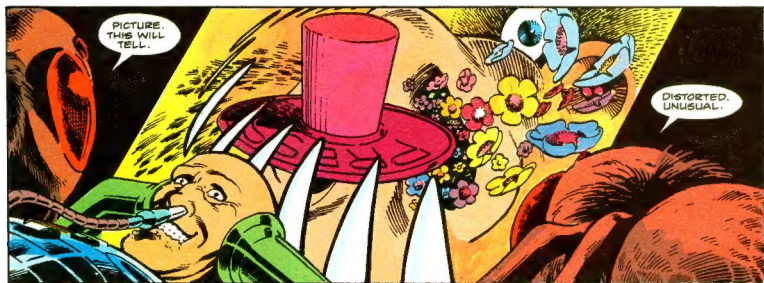
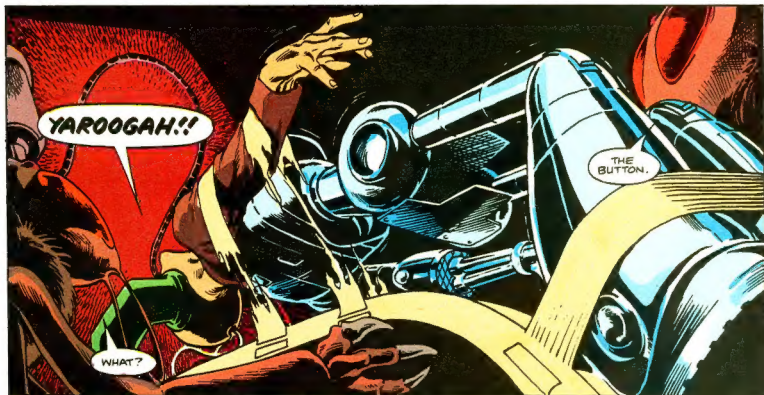
IN YOUR HANDS

It's a weird and very wild universe that Mystra Mystralls and Axel Pressbutton inhabit, as witness this issue's tale of Narco-Pollen and anti-life aliens. And if you have ever wondered how Axel lost his taste for vegetables and gained a titanium cleaver for a hand, you will want to read his grisly "origin" in this issue!









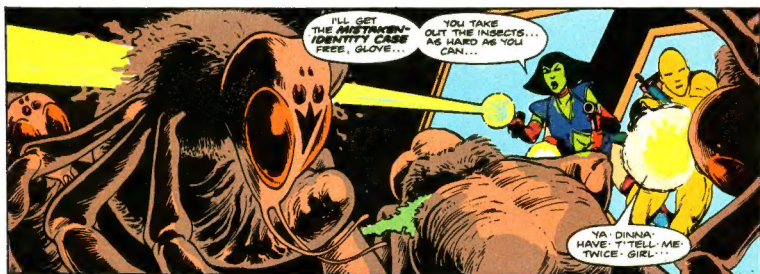
"INCOMPREHENSIBLE."

"ILLOGICAL."

"DISTURBED."









DEAD-WEIGHT...
DEAD...T'HE WORLD...
WONDER WHAT THEY
GAVE HIM.

IF IT MADE HIM
LIGHT-HEADED...IT
DIDN'T DO THE SAME
FOR HIS BODY...THAT'S
FOR SURE

YOU CAN
HANDLE IT..



SO LONG AS
I DINNNA STRIP
A GEAR..

LET'S MOVE
BEFORE ANY MORE
OF THESE HORRORS
TURN UP



WE'LL LEAVE
THEM SOMETHING
TO REMEMBER
US BY...

AND IN CASE
THERE ARE ANY
SURVIVORS...



THEY'LL
REMEMBER
THAT

IT'S ALMOST
BEAUTIFUL

THE
COLOURS



THE LIGHTS...
THE STARS...

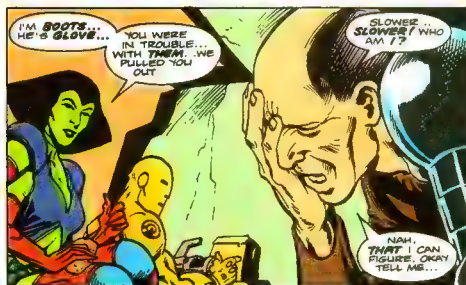
GAHH!!
MY HEAD...



WHO THE SQUAKIN'
HELL ARE YOU? WHY'S
EVERYTHING UPSIDE
DOWN?

I THINK
HE'S AWAKE...

BUT IS
HE SANE

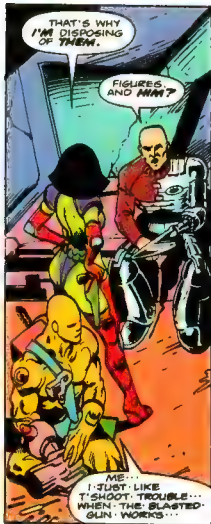
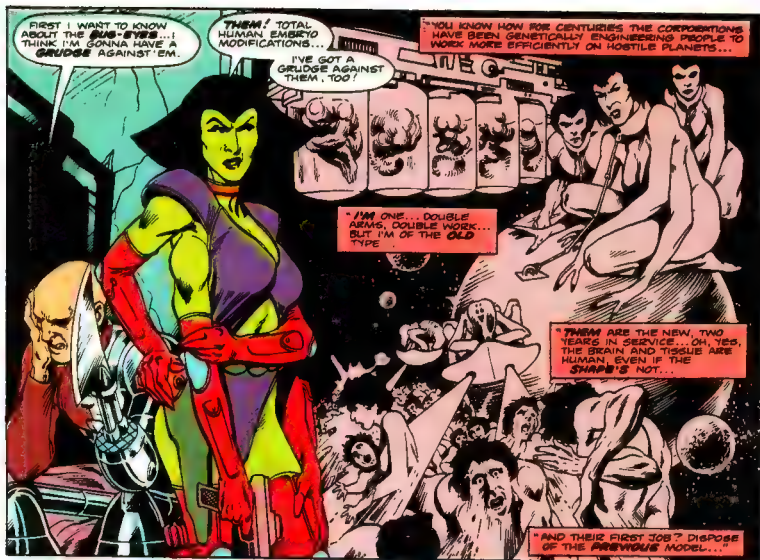


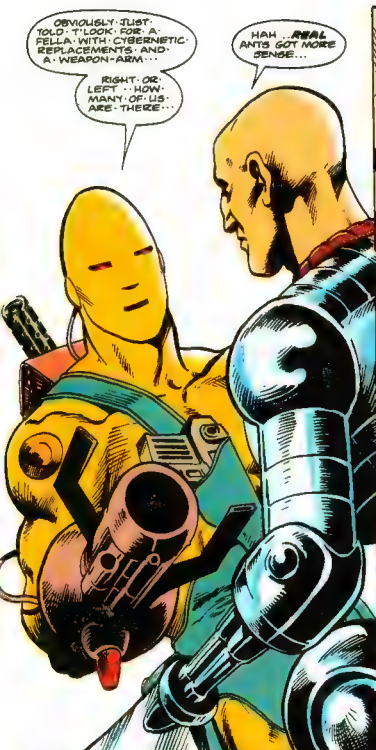
I'M BOOTS...
HE'S GLOVE...

YOU WERE
IN TROUBLE...
WITH THEM...WE
PULLED YOU OUT

SLOWER...
SLOWER / WHO
AM I?

NAH,
THAT I CAN
FIGURE, OKAY
TELL ME...





OBVIOUSLY JUST
TOLD 'T' LOOK FOR A
FELLA WITH CYBERNETIC
REPLACEMENTS AND
A WEAPON-ARM...

RIGHT OR
LEFT... HOW
MANY OF US
ARE THERE...

HAH... *REAL*
ANTS GOT MORE
SENSE...



SO WHAT
NOW?

NOW WE
WAIT FOR THEM
'T FIND US...

YEAH?
HOW?



WITH THIS...
THEY SHOT A TRACER
ON YOUR BOOT. WE
LEFT IT THERE...

IF THEY
FOLLOW, WE CAN
FIGHT ON GROUND
OF OUR OWN
CHOOSING...



THERE'LL BE A
LOT OF THEM. YOU'D
BETTER GO...

TOO DAMN
RIGHT! I
WILL!

YOU TWO
ARE NUTS!



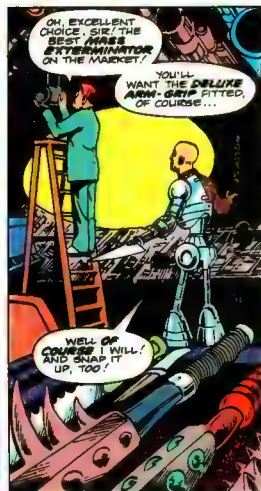
WHAT DO
I OWE 'EM
ANYWAY?

I ALREADY
COULDA GOT
KILLED BECAUSE
OF THOSE TWO!



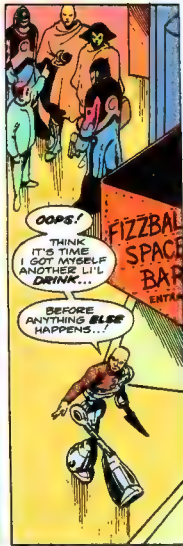
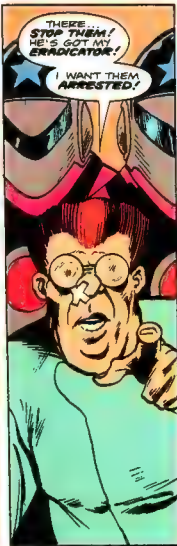
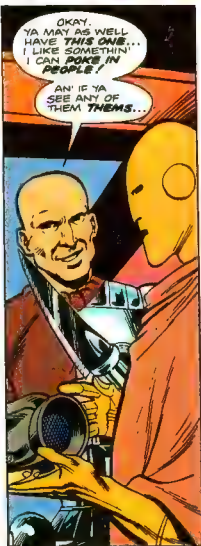
AS IT
WAS I GOT MY
HEAD SQUISHED
FULLA GODDAMN
POLLEN.

THE
INDIGNITY!







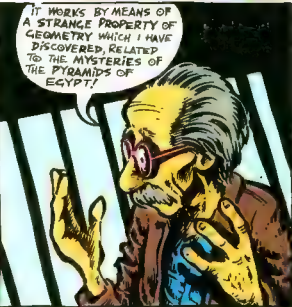
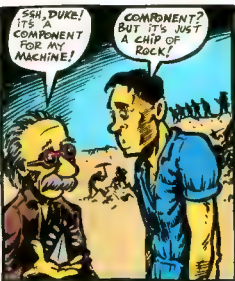
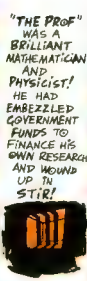


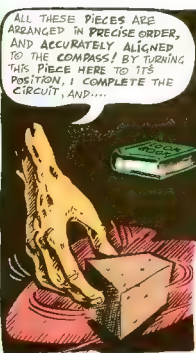
LASER ERASER AND PRESSBUTTON

☆☆☆☆ STAR PIN-UP ☆☆☆☆

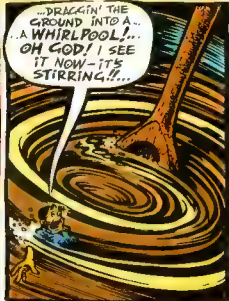
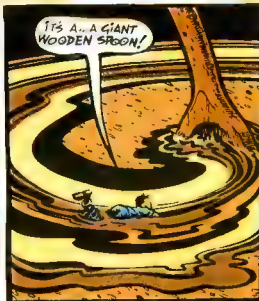












BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION



AXA, a freedom seeking, sword swinging woman, escapes the suppression of the City-Domes and finds action and adventure among the mutants, giant insects and neo-barbarians of the post-holocaust world outside.

By Donne Avenell and Enrique Romero



DANIELLE and Zabal, her lover, use her PENDANT OF POWER to leave their home planet, arriving on strange and frightening worlds, where they encounter robots, criminals and creatures.

By John M. Burns and Richard O'Neil.

ORDER BY MAIL ALL BOOKS POST-PAID

- ☐ AXA The Beginning, The Chosen 64pg \$5.95
- ☐ AXA 2 The Desired 64pg \$5.95
- ☐ AXA 3 The Brave, The Gambler 64pg \$5.95
- ☐ AXA 4 The Earthbound, The Tempted 64pg \$5.95
- ☐ AXA 5 The Eager, The Carefree 64pg \$5.95
- ☐ AXA 6 The Dwarfed, The Untamed 64pg \$5.95
- ☐ AXA color album 48pg \$7.95
- ☐ DANIELLE 72pg \$5.95

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE, ZIP _____

send to: ECLIPSE COMICS P O BOX 199
GUERNEVILLE, CA 95446

KEN PIERCE continues his line of outstanding newspaper strip reprints, this time with two popular British science fiction strips; AXA and DANIELLE. DANIELLE comes in one black & white, square bound volume, while AXA covers six separate black & white, square bound volumes, plus a new special full color volume on sale in June.

DISTRIBUTED
BY



SABRE and MELISSA NEED YOU!

STEP RIGHT UP AND ENTER THE
WORLD OF THE FUTURE -- TODAY!

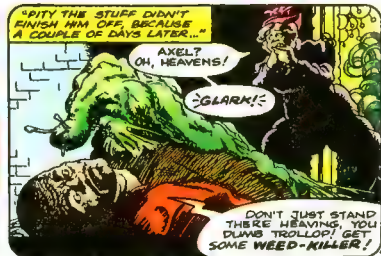
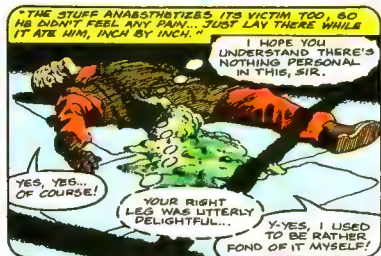


WORLD
RENOWNED
ARTIST
JOSE
ORTIZ
BRINGS NEW
LIFE TO DON
MCGREGOR'S
SWASHBUCKLER
OF THE FUTURE!

IF YOU
HAVEN'T
CHECKED IT
OUT IN A
WHILE! YOU'LL
FIND SOME
INCREDIBLE
THINGS
HAVE
HAPPENED
WHILE
YOU WERE
GONE!

THE BOOK AND
THE MAN --
THEY'RE STILL
ONE OF A KIND!





"THE MEDICS SAVED HIM
SOMEHOW... AND REBUILT
HIM FROM THE SHOULDERS
DOWN WITH A CYBORG
BODY..."

CHROME? CHROME?
WHAT IS THIS? A
CANNING FACTORY?

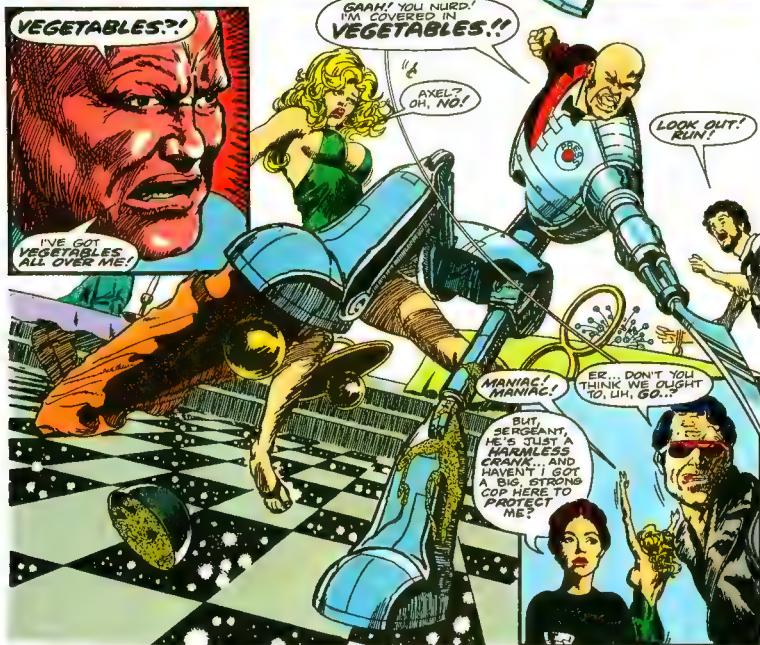
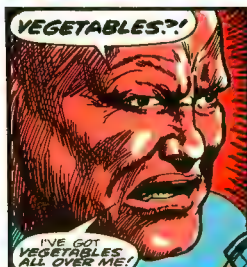
GIVE ME
BRONZE!

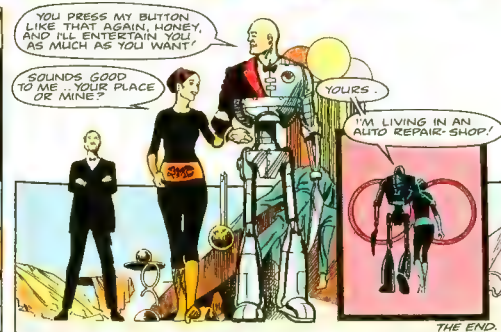
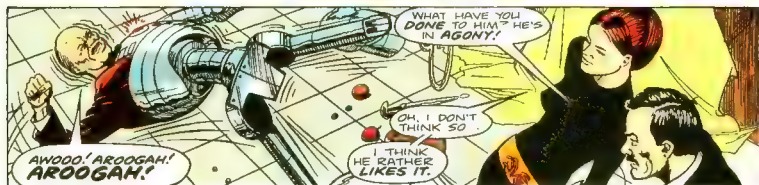
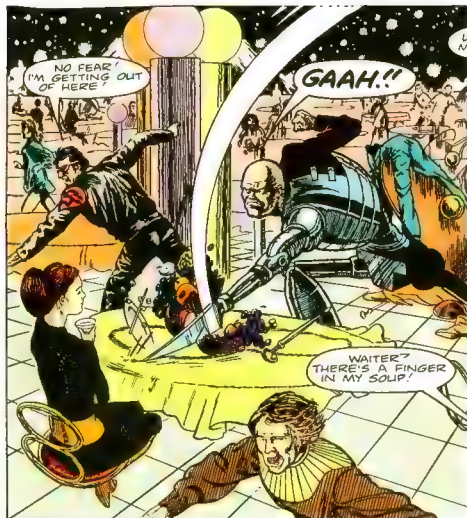
AND A
TITANIUM
CLEAVER!

"AND SOME SICKO PUT THAT
BUTTON ON HIS CHEST.
PRESS IT, AND IT ELECTRICALLY
STIMULATES THE PLEASURE
CENTRE IN HIS BRAIN!"

"I GUESS THEY THOUGHT
IT'D MAKE UP FOR WHAT
HE'D LOST..."

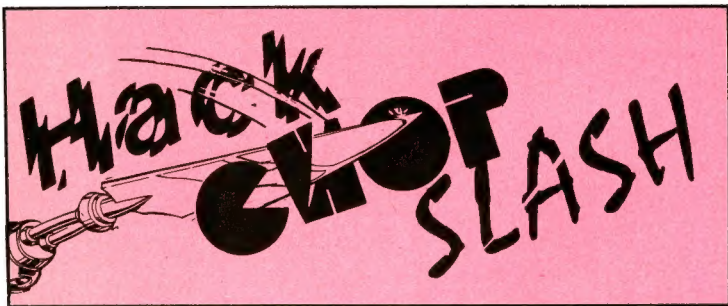
HOSPITAL





THE END.





Mankind's doomed.

Either they press the button in the near future and we all go out in an air-burst of glory, which would probably upset quite a lot of people; or we just tootle along for the next 3,000 years or so, living and dying, sleeping and eating together, until Pressbutton appears on the scene, which would probably upset quite a lot of people too. Especially the ones who prefer instant disintegration to being carved up by a cleaver maniac.

I guess I'm just a pessimist. Maybe it comes from writing a character who was killed off in his first appearance.

Some of you may be wondering what's going on, especially if you missed the first issue of *Pressbutton*. Sometimes I find it hard to keep track myself, and I write the character. First there was the story of Pressbutton's death; then we did some adventures a few years before that; then some more a few years before that; and then we finally got 'round to doing his 'origin.' You see the problem? Not only do I have to keep thinking "where is he in this story?" . . . but also "when is he . . . ?"

Well, we realised the problem a long while back, and about three years ago we made some attempt to sort it out. At the time Alan Moore and I were using a middle-aged Pressbutton in a strip called "The Stars My Degradation," while at the same time I was working on young Pressbutton stories with Steve Dillon, and there was the origin story in hand, and Ektryn to be taken into account as well. So Alan and I got together one day and worked out an entire future history, sorted out how the various Pressbutton stories fitted together, and put a few dates on things. I seem to remember that Steve Moore was there as well, but he doesn't really have anything to do with all this. Anyway, it helped pass the time when we had nothing better to do, and if you've got nothing better to do either, I may as well tell you about it . . .

Okay, first off you'll be pleased to hear that we decided that the world wasn't going to go totally nuclear-nova by the end of the century. Not *totally*, anyway. There might be a few minor mishaps, but basically we needed some human beings to survive into the future.

After that, we built it up bit by bit. When Alan and I had handled Pressbutton in his first, underground cartoon incarnation in "Three Eyes McGurk and his Death Planet Commandos," we'd started the story on the planet Barfo, at Foobl's Bar, established 5096. So we knew that Pressbutton was due to snuff it sometime around the beginning of the 52nd century. So then there were the earlier stories to fit in, and those with Mysta. And in the "Laser Eraser" strip, we'd mentioned that Ektryn lived 500 years earlier, in the period of barbarism at the end of the Second Empire. And a Second Empire presupposed that there was a First Empire before that. Which was about as far back as we needed to go . . .

So the future looks something like this (to us, anyway):

Come the 29th century, humankind has spread out to about twenty neighbouring star-systems. Then there's a coup d'état by feminist moon-worshippers, who set up the First or Selenite Empire. This is a theocratic matriarchy, and the women are really into religion and conquering the universe, while the men stay home and mind the store. The capital's moved to a planet orbiting Sirius, and Earth becomes pretty much a backwater planet, but the Empire expands to take in most of the western spiral arm of the galaxy. The First Empire lasts a thousand years, and is really quite a lot of fun. I keep intending to write some stories about it sometime, but . . .

In the 39th century there's a civil war, and the Empire gets partitioned. One half's still in the hands of the Selenite Empire, the other half's been taken over by male dominant patriarchalists. A couple of hundred years later it's all over with the Selenites, and the male-ruled Second Empire's established. Although Earth remains a centre of goddess worship for centuries afterwards . . .

Apart from the establishment of Depravity, the Sin World, in the 42nd century, the Second Empire's really dull and organised and boring. It lasts until the 45th century, when all the major seats of government are decimated by a virulent alien plague, and then the whole structure collapses.

The next three hundred years are utterly hideous, with eighty per cent of the human worlds reverting to barbarism and chaos. Entire star-systems are destroyed, and billions are slaughtered in continual warfare. I told you I was a pessimist, didn't I?

Typical is the planet Naglfar, where the inhabitants are so intent on destroying everything that they even demolish the weapons, and end up fighting each other with swords, clubs, fists and teeth. It's there that Ektryn, the War-Woman, is born in 4530, only to be encased in molten silver some thirty-two years later by a local warlord called Dontir. Of course, we'd managed to do it again: I killed Ektryn in her first appearance as well, and then started writing stories set before her death afterwards. It's Dontir's son who founds the Dendrellian Order of Assassins in 4580, but by the 49th century everyone's just about exhausted themselves, and the period of barbarism comes to an end.

The days of empire have passed, and the galaxy's divided up into a number of small states and sectors, anywhere from one to a hundred star-systems in size. They're all independent, but loosely confederated by the fact that they're all populated by humans. Sexual equality generally prevails, although there are still some sectors with antiquated social systems, and people are more or less content to get on with their lives without playing galactic politics.

The next major event in universal history is the birth of Axel Pressbutton, 1st April, 5057. Remember to send



him a card if you're still around at the time. Mysta Mystralis is cloned from the remains of Ektryn in 5076, and ten years later she's old enough to destroy the Dendrellian Assassins. The following year Axel gets eaten by Vegan Green Fungus, and the odd Pressbutton solo strips have been set in the time period immediately after this.

Two years later, in 5089, Axel and Mysta meet on Ormuz, as seen in the origin story by David Jackson, and then the Steve Dillon material starts as they pursue Arterius Donthax. The main Laser Eraser and Pressbutton stories in future issues will continue in this time-slot.

Some time, maybe five years or so later, Axel and Mysta go their separate ways, and we next come across Pressbutton in 5103. This period is covered by the "Stars My Degradation" strips, mostly written and drawn by Alan Moore for a British weekly music paper called *Sounds*. This was outright underground comic material, with just about every ridiculous ewe we could think of, and quite frankly, we were damned lucky to get it into print; even so, it was frequently censored (especially the episodes I wrote!).

By this time Axel is 46 years old and a complete foaming maniac. He's traded in the heavy-footed fighting body of his youth for a lightweight rig, and spends a lot of time hanging 'round with the scum of the universe on the planet Depravity. He still hacks up a lot of vegetables, of

course, but the stories also involve him with a bunch of weird characters like Three-Eyes McGurk, Unstuck Simpson and Nekrline the Dead Lady. There's a brief meeting with Mysta too, but at the end of the "Stars" stories, most of the major characters part company again (or have already been killed).

Alan did one more story for *Sounds* in which Pressbutton briefly marries his No. 1 fan, a quarter of a young lady called Carburetta; but believe me, something like that doesn't last. He turns up for the final time in 5111 in the first story we did, "Three-Eyes McGurk and His Death-Planet Commandos." It's an underground strip again, which might explain why Axel and Three-Eyes are attempting to steal the Living Heart of the Universe from the planet Zilchtron. They fail. Axel is shot to death right on the button, and everyone else is instantly cremated a few seconds later when Lonesome Henry the Human Bomb loses his temper and explodes in a 25-megaton rage. So it goes. Tough on the Zilchtrons. Pretty tough on the Living Heart of the Universe, too.

After that the galaxy just carries on pretty much the same as usual, but all the heart's gone out of it somehow. And then eventually, after a few billion years, it just stops.

Depressing, isn't it? See, I told you we were all doomed . . .

— Pedro Henry

Back Issues

Alien Worlds

— 8 \$1.75 — 9 \$1.75

Aztec Ace

— 1 Sold out — 2 \$2.25
— 3 \$2.00 — 4 \$2.00
— 5 \$2.00 — 6 \$2.00
— 7 \$2.00 — 8 \$2.00
— 9 \$2.00 — 10 \$2.00

Berni Wrightson

— 5 \$1.75

Cap'n Quick

— 1 \$1.75

Crossfire

— 1 \$2.25 — 2 \$2.00
— 3 \$1.75 — 4 \$1.75
— 5 \$1.50 — 6 \$1.50
— 7 \$1.50 — 8 \$1.50

Destroyer Duck

— 1 Sold out — 2 Sold out
— 3 \$2.00 — 4 \$1.75
— 5 Sold out — 6 Sold out
— 7 \$2.00

DNAgents

— 1 Sold out — 2 Sold out
— 3 \$2.25 — 4 \$2.25
— 5 \$2.00 — 6 \$2.00
— 7 \$2.00 — 8 \$2.00
— 9 Sold out — 10 Sold out
— 11 \$1.75 — 12 Sold out
— 13 \$1.75 — 14 \$1.75
— 15 \$1.50 — 16 \$1.50
— 17 \$1.50 — 18 \$1.50
— 19 \$1.50

Eclipse Monthly

— 1 \$2.50 — 2 \$2.25
— 3 \$2.25 — 4 Sold out
— 5 \$1.75 — 6 \$1.50
— 7 \$1.50 — 8 \$1.50
— 9 \$1.75 — 10 \$1.75

Groo Special

— 1 \$3.00

I Am Coyote

— Graphic album \$7.95

John Law, Detective

— 1 \$2.00

The Masked Man

— 1 \$2.00 — 2 \$1.75

Mike Mist

— 1 \$2.00

Mr. Monster

— 1 \$2.00

Ms. Tree

— 1 Sold out — 2 Sold out
— 3 \$1.50 — 4 \$1.50
— 5 \$1.50 — 6 \$1.50
— 7 \$1.50 — 8 \$1.50
— 9 \$1.75

Night Music

— 1 \$2.00 — 2 \$1.75

Pressbutton

— 1 \$2.00 — 2 \$1.75

Ragamuffins

— 1 \$1.75

Rocketeer Special

— 1 \$3.00

Sabre

— 1 Sold out — 2 Sold out
— 3 Sold out — 4 \$2.50
— 5 \$2.25 — 6 \$2.00
— 7 \$2.00 — 8 \$2.00
— 9 \$2.00 — 10 \$2.00
— 11 \$2.00 — 12 \$2.00

Scorpio Rose

— 1 \$2.00 — 2 \$1.75

Siegel & Shuster

— 1 \$1.50

Somerset Holmes

— 5 \$2.00 — 6 \$1.75

Star Reach Classics

— 1 Sold out — 2 \$1.75
— 3 \$1.75 — 4 \$1.75
— 5 \$1.75 — 6 \$1.75

Strange Days

— 1 \$2.00 — 2 \$1.75

Sun-Runners

— 4 \$1.75

Surge

— 1 \$2.00 — 2 \$1.75
— 3 \$1.50 — 4 \$1.50

Twisted Tales

— 9 \$1.75 — 10 \$1.75

Zot!

— 1 \$2.50 — 2 \$2.25
— 3 \$1.75 — 4 \$1.75
— 5 \$1.75 — 6 \$1.50
— 7 \$1.50 — 8 \$1.50

ORDERING INFORMATION

All prices include postage.
The latest ECLIPSE EXTRA
included free with each order.

All comics are mailed flat in a
protective envelope.

TOTAL enclosed: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Mail to: ECLIPSE COMICS
Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

CRUISING CRUISING



CRUISING GAME INSTRUCTIONS

1. YOU control your driver's license.
2. Rack up points by avoiding "Brew."
3. Remember... "Boozing and Cruising is Losing."
Alcohol can dissolve your driver's license in no time flat!

IT'S GETTING TOUGH FOR DRUNK DRIVERS.



U.S. Department
of Transportation

National Highway
Traffic Safety
Administration